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ROOM FOR TWO

(Continued from Page 18)

coolly in with a strange young man. And Trudy had been afraid of Jeff's temper ever since she was in pigtails and he was twelve. He had proclaimed her to be his girl and no one had the courage to argue with him—least of all, Trudy.

Her mouth felt dry and her hands hot as she waited in line for the guard's inspection at the plant gates the next afternoon. It had been an exhausting day, new and strange, and her eyes ached from watching the procession of bullets that marched through their mirrored trough.

The guard pawed through her purse diligently. "What, no lipstick?"

"You're supposed to be looking for a little spy in there, not Helena Rubinstein," she said coldly, and he shook his head.

"It ain't natural. And where's your lunch box? I got to see that too."

"I haven't one. I went to the cafeteria. See?" She opened her mouth wide.

"Move on!" he said hastily. "This ain't no clinic!"

Jeff was waiting outside the wire enclosure and he looked solid and comforting in this strange world—and almost handsome.

"Slacks, Gertrude? You didn't tell me ——"

"Oh, Jeff, don't scold! All the girls wear them. I'd be conspicuous in anything else."

But in the car he sat in disapproving silence for some time, then he said stiffly, "I have to be at staff meeting tonight, my dear. I'm afraid you'll have to get used to many a lonely evening. So many doctors have gone into service that it keeps the rest of us going every minute. But tell me about the place you live in. I do hope ——"

"Oh, it's lovely, Jeff, really!" She didn't want him prowling around on that subject. He'd been too busy to ask questions on the phone at noon, but, luckily, he approved the neighborhood. She chattered on nervously. "It has an overstuffed chair and an —— Ugh!" That was what your subconscious mind could do. "I mean—I mean we can see the capitol dome from our window."

"What?" Jeff slowed the car. "What do you mean, 'we'? 'Our window'?"

"Oh, look at the mountains, Jeff! They're like a ——"

"Gertrude!" Jeff's tone was ominous. "Don't try to change the subject."

Frantically, Trudy searched her mind for something—anything. But she was trapped. "Well, you see, Jeff—well, I couldn't get a room alone. Salt Lake's so crowded," she said pleadingly.

The car moved on again. "Well, I rather expected that. But I hope she's a nice girl, Gertrude. You have to be careful, with so many people pouring in from everywhere. And she won't do if she drinks or smokes. What's her name?"

Trudy closed her eyes. Here it was. She took a deep breath and started bravely, "Kelly ——"

"Gertrude!" Jeff broke in heatedly. "Don't start that business of calling girls by their last names! It's unfeminine and cheap. And furthermore, I want to look Miss Kelly over at the first opportunity." The car stopped in front of Mrs. Banks'. "I'll see you tomorrow, if I can make it."

Weak from the unexpected reprieve, Trudy managed to get into the house and up the stairs. She leaned her hot forehead against the door panel. She'd really done it now. If Jeff ever found out, his wrath would be doubled because she had deliberately let him believe—well, what he believed. "Miss Kelly!" she said softly, and sudden, quick laughter shook her as she opened the door and slammed it behind her. A tousled head raised from one of the beds.

"What the hell?" Kelly demanded sleepily. "You sound like a commando raid!"

Trudy stared. "Wh-what are you doing here?"

He sat up. There was a button gone from the top of his red-and-green pajama jacket. "What am I doing here? What a poor memory you have, grandma!"

"But—but ——" An awful realization began to dawn on Trudy—the realization that there were twenty-four hours in every day. Kelly worked only eight of them and she worked only eight of them. Eight more hours to sleep, and here they were, smack in the middle of the remaining eight hours.

Kelly, too, began to have some idea of the situation, for a blank look came over his face. He groaned and flopped down, pulling the covers over his head.

"Mr. Carew ——"

A muffled snort came from the bedclothes. "Mr. Carews—at a time like this!"

"Kelly, then." Trudy's voice trembled. "I can't stay here with you there in bed! I can't stay here with you at all!"

There was a convulsive upheaval of blankets and Kelly's head bobbed out. "Well, it was nice to have known you. Good-by."

Trudy stood there for a baffled moment. Then, her eyes snapping and her

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